An HEROICK POEM ON THE Obſervator.

——Hia mens generoſa moveri,
Accendiq; ſolet ſimilem ad virtutis amorem.
Claud.

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An HEROICK

POEM

ON THE

Observator.

AN Heroick Poem ON THE OBSERVATOR.

When by the Juſtice of Divine Decree,
Great Exil'd *CHARLES*, with God-like Majeſty,
Reſum'd his Injur'd Throne; and thence once more,
Our baniſh't Bleſſings *Cæſar* did reſtore;
The eaſie Laws reclaim'd the guiddy Throng,
And *Halcion* Years then ſmoothly danc't along,

Such firm ſecureneſs on each Face appear'd,
The Sword of Juſtice was more Lov'd then
fear'd,
'Twas now, that all the fierce Grandees of Hell,
(Enrag'd to ſee their late rais'd *Machin* fell)
Iſſu'd new Summons to their aged States,
To frame freſh Projects by their black Debates,
And once again by their Infernal Wile,
Ranſack the Glories of our happy Iſle;
Long this Divan, in conſult brooding Sate,
To hatch the Embri'o of malitious Fate;
At length each Furie had his Charge apart,
And diſmal Scheams t'aſſiſt their powerful Dart:
The Work began; and the Invading Hoſt,
Wrap't in dark Miſts approach't the *Britiſh*-
Coaſt;
Whoſe Guardian Angel, ſoon with watchful
Eyes,
Deſcry'd th' Intent of ſuch a baſe Surpriſe.
With quick expanded wings from Heaven fled,
And darting came to good *L'ESTRANGE*'s Bed.

That

That LOYAL BARD, who was alone thought
fitt,
To stem the Torrent of a Devil's Witt,
Whilst the bright Messinger his head inclin'd,
His busy Fancy thus he entertain'd.
Thou best of Subjects, to the best of Kings;
Hear now the Tydings, that an Angel brings:
A Band of Feinds, from the Abiss are sent,
To raise new Feuds from long hid Discontent.
Though Princely Grace, has seem'd to quench
the Rage,
Which late has stain'd the Annals of your Age:
The Embers yet, fann'd by this Hellish Crew,
In rapid Flames will soon break forth anew.
Rise then and stop the progress of the Foe,
Kind Heaven has chose you to divert the blow;
With that his balmy Plumes extending forth,
He kindly grasp'd so true an Orator's Worth
Then touch't his Tongue with a Celestial Dew,
Bless'd the Event, and swiftly upwards flew;

Soon

Soon the good Man awoke, and pond'ring weigh'd
The deep impreſſions, which the Viſion made;
Not Unobſerv'd before, by his Dread Pen,
Had ſcap't Remarques of baſe ungrateful Men;
He ſaw the Tracts in which they warely crep't,
He ſaw't (and for their deſp'rate Folly wep't)
He ſaw the Gloſs of ev'ry weak Pretence
Drawn forth to ſhrowd the Bulk of their Offence,
And blind the Peoples Raſh Unthinking Sence.
Strait then he roſe, and with Profectick Skill
Sure to diſperſe the gather'd loading Ill;
Fled to his Prince with quick and zealous Care,
And thus imploy'd his Royal Maſter's Ear.

Heav'n Bleſs the KING———

Still lives the Seed of that Gigantick Race,
That did attempt the God-head to diſplace,

Their

Their impious hands, but late they did imbrew
In Royal Martyr's Blood, and now perſue,
Their brutiſh Rage, againſt Indulging YOU.
Strange is the guilt of that pernicious mind,
That dares conſpire againſt a Prince ſo kind.
With feign'd Chimeras they amuſe the Throne,
And ſeem to watch what they aſſault alone.
A guarding ſheild is reacht in friendly ſhow,
By the ſame Hand that means to give the Blow;
Truſt not the Service of *Phanatick-zeal*,
The worſt of Crimes, draws a Religious Veil.
This ſaid: The Monarch with a ſmiling Look,
Cloſe to his Boſome the Great Prophet took.
Told him with Grateful thanks, he did approve,
Th' apparent Candor, of his Active Love,
Bad him prepare to countermine that Spight,
That's lay'd to ſpring the Bulwark of his Right,
That on his Judgment, he did moſt rely,
Beſt to defeat the daring Enmy;

Bad

Bad him make known, the Cheat of Clam'rous
Fears,
And Charm the deafness of deluded Ears.
When thus L'ESTRENGE, had his Commis-
sion giv'n,
(The King confirming the assign'd of Heaven)
Enter'd the Lists, and Boldly did Oppose;
The joynt Attaque of all his Monarchs Foes,
Convincing Reason, was his Lance, and Shield,
And stedfast LOYALTY his Champions Steel.
With Vollies of his Wit, them Cha-rac-ter'd,
And *Dagon* fell with Potent Argument.
Let's now erect a Due Triumphal Arch,
Whilst Troups of Flamens shall attend his
March,
And then, Ye Muses all in consort joine,
Thus whilst we pay our Offrings at his Shrine.
HAIL Matchless *HE!* HAIL our Auspicious
Guide,
The Clergy's Darling, and the States-men's
Pride;

The

The happy Patriot, whoſe induſtrious Care,
Has quel'd that Storm, which boundleſs did
Appear,
That never was a Calm 'till now, or means
more dear.
When Faction did like a Contagion ſpred,
On you the Nation lean'd it's drooping Head,
Who next the Throne, ſuch Soveraigne deeds
did do,
An age of Miracles reviv'd in You,
From You i'ts Peace, muſt Gratfull England
date,
Bles't *Eſculapius* of the ſalved State,
Who wrought that Cure, which ſeem oppos'd
by Fate.
In vaine would Rebells Piouſly diſguiſe,
Their black Deſigns or longer cheat our eyes,
Their guilded Cavils, now falſe Lights are known,
And all their Specious Pop'lar Shams o're-
thrown,

Whilſt

Whilst your profounder reasons gain these odds,
Like *Aarons* swallowing up th' *Egyptians* Rods.

HAIL *OBSERVATOR*! Genius of our Age,
That stood the shock, of the *Phanatick* Rage,
Like *Oedipus*, so Sacred now to all,
You sav'd your Countrey, with these *Sphynxes* Fall,
Who view your Conquests, with dispairing Eyes,
To see us flourish, and You gain the Prize,
Yet Eney't self, must give you this applause,
Never was better Pen, or better Cause.

HAIL once more, our Palladium of defence,
Great Oracle of Wit and Eloquence,
The truly fit to speak a Nations sence.
Our English *Tully* who ha's still prevail'd,
Your Pen succeeded where the Sword ha's fail'd;
Your Weighty Lines still such Impressions took,
Not more the Voice, which from Mount *Sinai* spoke:

When

When ſtubborn *Jews* upon their Faces fell,
Submitting ſtraight, who did before Rebel.
Hence ſeem the Furies now of diſcord fled,
Whilſt you appear a Cherub at our Head;
This doe's ſecurity to our Peace afford,
Your Wits as dreadful as the Flaming Sword.

FINIS.